

MOFFAT.

WAS a schoolmaster at Killala, and by what a companion of his told me, a most facetious and convivial man.

He had printed a very humorous and entertaining little poem, descriptive of the customs and manners of the native Irish, which begins with the following lines.

In Western Isle renowned for bogs,
For Tories and for great wolf-dogs;
For drawing hobbies by the tail,
And threshing corn with fiery flail, &c.

The Irish being prone to upbraid one another in their quarrels, with mean pedigrees, he represents one of them who quarrelled at a feast, as reviling his antagonist in the following words:

Who was the son of *Phelim Fad*,
Who on each hand six fingers had.
Who was the son of *Gillebriest*,
Who was the son of Hugh the Priest? &c.

I mention Mr. Moffat, and quote some of his verses, merely to induce some person who may have his poem, to send it to some printer, who for his own emolument and the amusement of the public, will not hesitate to have it re-printed.

It is about thirty-five years since I saw that poem.



1132 Aug 31

THE
HISTORY
OF
IRELAND
In Verse, Or, A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
WESTERN ISLE.

Being the Customs, and Manners of the An-
cient IRISH.

In EIGHT CANTOS.

By J. K. *H*

DUBLIN:

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HISTORICAL
AND
DICTIONARY
OF THE
WEST INDIES





HESPERINESO-GRAPHIA.

OR, THE

WESTERN ISLE

DESCRIBED.

CANTO I.

IN Western isle renown'd for bogs,
 For tories, and for great wolf-dogs,
 For drawing hobbies by the tail;
 And threshing corn with fiery flail,
 Where beer, and curds, for truth I tell it,
 Are made without a pot or skellet,
 And without pan, and without kettle,
 Or any thing that's made of mettle;
 Where, in some places, cows suite fire,
 And dogs such soap as some de're;
 And where in howels of the ground
 The are great heaps of butter found,
 Of which with blood of living beast,
 The natives make a dainty feast;
 And where in leathern hairy boat,
 O'er threatning waves bold mortals float,
 Like Gulls, who never yet were found,
 By strength of water to be drown'd;
 And free from fear, and danger ride
 On back of waves 'gainst wind and tide;

And where the mountains once a year,
 In flames, like *Ætna*, do appear;
 And burn (believe me) day and night,
 To stranger a most dreadful sight.
 One *Gillo* liv'd, the son of *Shame*,
 Who was the son of *Patrick Bane*,
 Who was the son of *Teigue the Tory*,
 Who to his great and endless glory,
 Out of a bush a shot let fly,
 And kill'd a man that pass'd by,
 For which he was advanced high.
 This *Teigue* was son of *Gilli-Christ*,
 And he the son of *Hugh the Priest*;
 For priest in *Shambrogshire*, they say,
 Can women kiss, as well as pray.
 This *Hugo*, rampant priest, was son,
 And only heir to *Dermot Dun*,
 Who was the son of *Teigue Mc. Shane*,
 Who was the son of *Terlaugh Greane*,
 Who was the son of *Phelim Fad*,
 Who on each hand six fingers had;
 Could twist horse-shoes, and at one meal,
 With ease could eat the greatest veal;
 With's head instead of hammer cou'd
 Knock nail into a piece of wood,
 And with his teeth, without least pain,
 Could pull the nail from thence again:
 This monster sprung from *Laughlin Crone*,
 A greater thief was never known;
 For in his trade he had such skill,
 That he a stolen cow could kill,
 For shift with mantle and a stone,

A way to former thieves unknown.
 And *Laughlin* sprung from *Manus Row*,
 Who valu'd neither frost nor snow ;
 His feet they were so callous grown,
 That he could kick at ice or stone ;
 And therefore in the coldest weather,
 Did never wear one bit of leather.
 This *Manus* from *Mulrooney* came,
 A man of no ignoble fame ;
 For begging learning in the schools,
 He learnt at length the grammar rules,
 And, without doubt had so much sense,
 To form a verb through mood and tense ;
 Nay, some do say that he was able
 To moralize on *Æsop's* fable !
 And tho he had *Corderius* read,
 He often broke poor *Priscian's* head,
 And yet the mob admir'd his sense,
 His latin and his eloquence ;
 Because at fairs he did dispute
 Where he some school-boys did confute
 Of him this also can be said,
 That near *Benbalden* he was bred,
 Where *Pbin Mc Cool* was buried ;
 Who kill'd more mighty giants, than
 Were ever kill'd by mortal man.
 This learn'd *Mulrooney*, was the son
 Of *Bryan Mirgab* of *Croocun* ;
 Who was admir'd for nothing more,
 Than for the kindness, which he bore
 To butter'd meal and blood-raw meat,
 Which he for constant food did eat ;

Affirming that all meat was spoil'd
 That either roasted or was boil'd,
 His *Ostrich* stomach had such heat,
 It could digest the hardest meat.
 I could as well trace out the blood
 Of *Gillo* up to *Noah's* flood,
 As *British* authors, who pretend
 That they from *Trojans* did descend;
 But that would be a tedious task,
 Therefore your pardon I must ask,
 And leave't to be perform'd by
 Some tracer of antiquity.



C A N T O II.

AND now kind nymphs of *Benbo-hill*
 And *Patrick's* rick, my fancy fill
 With thoughts, that may procure delight
 To quaker, or to anchorite.
 Your aid I may implore as well,
 As of those lasses who do dwell
 On mount *Parnassus*, or upon
 The famous mount of *Helicon*.
 For you and they alike dispence,
 To teeming brains your Influence;
 And *Patrick's* fount near which you dwell
 Inspires and quenches thirst as well
 As that fictitious horse's fount,
 By poets held in great account:
 Who in their Maggot-bitten pate
 New hills and fountains do create;

And

And tell how on a hill by dream
 A coward man of wit became,
 Who, walking, sung such lofty strains,
 That charm'd the nymphs, and all the swains,
 In spacious plain, within a wood
 And bog, the house of *Gillo* stood ;
 A house well built, and with much strength,
 Almost two hundred foot in length,
 A house with mountains fortify'd,
 Which in the clouds their heads did hide.
 At one of th' ends he kept his cows,
 At th' other end he kept his spouse
 On bed of straw, without least grumble,
 Nay with delight did often tumble ;
 Without partition, or a screen,
 Or spreading curtain drawn between :
 Without concern expos'd they lay,
 Because it was their country way ;
 And when occasion did require,
 In midst of house a mighty fire,
 Of black dry'd earth and swinging blocks,
 Was made enough to roast an ox ;
 From whence arose such clouds of smoak,
 As either me or you wou'd choak :
 But *Gillo* and his train inur'd
 To smoak, the same with ease endur'd ;
 For sitting low, on rushes spread,
 The smoak still hover'd over head ;
 And did more good than real harm,
 Because it kept the long house warm,
 And never made their heads to ake ;
 Therefore no chimney he wou'd make.

And

And thus for smoak, altho' 'twas dear,
 He paid four shillings every year;
 And tho' his wife no muslin wore,
 Nor silk, she was all spotted o'er
 With new made ermin, which did fall
 From roof of house, and side of wall,
 Which was with cow-dung plaister'd round,
 With which the house did still abound.
 Yet not so close but that the smoake,
 Being long confin'd, through crannies broke,
 And through the soft and s—n pores,
 And through the windows and the doors,
 Through which the wind so fast did blow,
 That for his life no man could know
 Whether of both was lesser pain,
 The smoak or wind he cou'd sustain,
 But when the scorching fire burn clear,
 The rowling smoak did disappear,
 And vanish into air that you
 Each object could distinctly view;
 As when a mighty morning-fog
 Sits brooding on a plashy bog,
 So dark, so close, and solid, that
 You scarce can tell me what from what.
 Until Don *Phæbus*, to allay
 His burning thirst drinks all away.
 By this now think, that you behold
 The smoaky darknes, I have told;
 And if perhaps you do admire,
 That this great house did ne'er take fire,
 Where sparks, as thick as stars in sky,
 About the house did often fly,

And

And reached the sapless wither'd thatch,
 Which like dry sponge the fire would catch,
 And where no chimney was erected,
 Where sparks and flames may be directed;
 St. *Bridget's* cross hung over door,
 Which did the house from fire secure.
 As *Gillo* thought, O powerful charm!
 To keep a house from taking harm:
 And tho' the dogs and servants slept,
 By *Bridget's* care the house was kept.
 Directly under *Bridget's* cross,
 Was firmly nail'd the shoe of horse
 On threshold that the house might be,
 From Witches, thieves, and divels free,
 For *Patrick* o'er the iron did pray,
 And made it holy, as they say;
 And banished from the hills and bogs,
 All sorts of serpents, toads and frogs,
 By cross and iron: You may guess,
 What faith this *Gillo* did profess;
 A faith St. *Paul* did never teach,
 Altho' to *Romans* he did preach;
 A faith that makes you to deny,
 The testimony of your eye;
 A faith obliges you to pray,
 Altho' you know not what you say;
 A faith which to the mother maid,
 Commands ten prayers should be said;
 And that we only should direct,
 One *Pater* to the Architect
 Of heaven, from whom our life doth flow,
 And ten to one is odds you know.

But

But let his faith be good or bad,
 He in his house great plenty had
 Of burnt oat-bread and butter found,
 With garlick mixt in boggy ground;
 So strong, a dog with help of wind,
 By scenting out, with ease might find.
 And this they count the bravest meat,
 That hungry mortal e'er did eat.
 This grunting sow would sooner take,
 And eat a T—d, than sugar cake.



C A N T O III.

NOW listen well and you shall hear,
 With what vast prodigious cheer,
 And with what heaps of various meat,
 His friends and Neighbours he did treat.
 The day of feasting come, each man,
 Invited to the dinner, ran
 With winged haste, and with his skeen,
 Or rather cleaver sharp and keen.
 Most of the guests their umbra's brought;
 And sauce that money never bought
 Great heaps of thick three corner'd bread;
 And hairy butter *Van* did lead.
 Next came the flesh of mountain goat,
 As rank as ever slipt down throat.
 And then four quarters of a foal,
 And three sing'd sheep entire and whole.
 Then four great swine, as fat and good,
 As ever rutted in a wood;

[11]

(Or turned the earth of garden, where
Belov'd potatoes growing were)

Came in, on brawny shoulders born,
And laid in losses to be torn;
Of which but only two were cut
In joynts, and in large platters put:
The other two march'd in entire,
And piping hot from scorching fire.
Of beef there was abundance more,
Than twenty *Dudleys* could devour,
And *Toms* to help him whom they tell,
All men in eating could excell.

Abortive, well smoak'd shrivell'd calf,
A rary show whereat to laugh,
Brought up the rear in stately wife;
But not a guest it did surprize:

For they 'bove any nation,
Love meat dress'd by fumigation
And hence they took occasion, to
Admire what smoak (like salt) could do.
Besides all this, vast bundles came
Of sorrel, more than I can name;
And many sheaves, I hear there was
Of shamrogs, and of water-grass,
Which there for curious fallands pass.

Yet this great feast was not compleat,
Unless they had the following meat;
Islands of curds did float, in sea
Of hot and sweet cerulean whey.

Of rushes there were benches made,
On which the meat was partly laid;
But all the mutton that was sing'd,

Was

Was laid on doors that were unhing'd,

So that we all may truly say,

Gillo kept open house that day.

The rest was plac'd in stately sort

On planks which firkins did support :

As for the guests, when grace was said,

And all in *Latin* tongue had pray'd,

Some ran to this, some ran to that,

And what they catcht, they thereon sat,

Some sat on stones, some sat on blocks,

Some sat on churns, some on wheel-stocks ;

Some sat on cars, some sat on ladders,

And, for shift, some sat on madders.

Of which utensils, at the feast,

There were that day threescore at least.

The brisk young sparks, with their kind wenches,

Did place themselves on rushy benches ;

And as they from their eyes did dart,

Such pointed flame as wounds the heart ;

So by sharp pointed rushes they,

Their mutual flame did well convey.

The rabble, and the brawney kearna

Well pleas'd sat down on heaps of ferns ;

Gillo the noble, as most fit,

At head of all the guests did sit :

At head of table, I'll not say,

For in his house was none that day.

But those at which the gamesters play.

In mighty State, by *Gillo's* side,

Her sex's envy, th' islands pride ;

Fair *Shuan*, *Gillo's* wife took place,

Descended from *Milesian* race.

They

They both on bench of rushes sat,
 Commixt with flags, both wonderous fat;
 His hair was black, but hers as red,
 As ever grew on woman's head.
 He swarthy was, she wond'rous fair,
 As many in that island are.
 Her legs were short, and fat, 'tis true,
 And to a mighty thickness grew;
 As did her bulky waste, which scarce
 With clasped hands you cou'd embrace.
 Her head ten hundred linen bound,
 As white and fine as could be found;
 But his indented *Cappen* wore,
 Which he had never us'd before;
 'Twas of fine frieze and without doubt,
 Adorn'd with curious cuts about;
 As were the new made brogues, which they
 Both wore for honour of the day.
 On neckcloth she much ermin bore,
 But such as you have heard before.
 Black hasted knife and keys were ty'd,
 With leathern pouch, unto her side;
 In which a black, short dirty pipe
 She kept which she did never wipe.
 For being short it warm'd her nose,
 When e'er she smoaked, altho' it froze;
 And from its wheezing throat she drew,
 Most grateful blasts of darkish blue.
 Into this purse, when there was need,
 She put long twists of *Indian weed*;
 And into it did often thrust
 Full bladders of tobacco dust.
 Her beads moreover in it lay,

Unless when she was pleas'd to pray,
 And dice for gamesters, as they say.
 And in it she, with care, did put
 Her money, and her double nut;
 A holy hazel nut, that she
 Might be from all misfortune free;
 About his neck, he wore the fur
 Of fox, some say of water-cur.
 By Gossip's hand, he oft did swear
 He no cravat nor band wou'd wear
 That was of hemp, or nettles made,
 For which great beaux have dearly paid.
 Close by his side there hung a skeen
 With wooden haft, both long and keen,
 Which in recounters oft had been,
 Which was for many uses good,
 It cut great wattles in the wood;
 And it was very useful found,
 To dig long parsnips out of ground.
 With it, and with his thumb he spread
 His butter often on his bread.
 With it he cut and stab'd the throats
 Of cows and sheep, of hogs and goats;
 Potatoes dug, and scrap'd away
 From's half tann'd brogues both dung and clay.
 Her lee-washt plaited tresses hung,
 That day from shoulders to her bum;
 In which she took no little pride,
 As in her banlon-garb beside.
 His hair instead of growing down,
 Grew creeping upwards towards his crown,
 In curling circles; but his beard
 With melted butter all belmear'd,
 That

That he with fewer tugs and ease
 Might comb and rid it from the fleas,
 Grew dangling down, so long and black,
 That he could tye't behind his back.
 Being thus equip't, and seated all
 With hands and teeth they to it fall.
 And lost no time; this hacks, that cuts,
 And longs to fill his craving guts.
 Another lost his knife, doth swear,
 And nimble does begin to tear,
 With claws and tusks without remorse,
 This swallows like the Tyrant's horse
 Of cruel *Thrace*, who for his meat,
 The flesh of man did often eat.
 On fattest pork with butter spread,
 One feeds without a bit of bread.
 With eager haste some feed on beef,
 For hungry maw the best relief,
 Yet from the foal cou'd not refrain,
 But eat until they sweat again.
 By strength of teeth well set in gum,
 The rough skin mutton was overcome.
 This bawls to's friend with open throat,
 To help, to help him with some goat.
 Which he prefer, he swears, before
 The beef, the mutton, or the boar.
 Another frets and fumes, because
 The foal was buried in their maws;
 Before he got one bit to eat
 Of that most rare inviting meat.
 The curds and all the three leav'd grass
 With lumps of butter eaten was.
 This way of eating is thought best,

For meat not easie to digest,
 Of bonny clabber at this feast,
 Was lapp'd three barrells at the least,
 Beside the butter-milk and whey,
 As authors of good credit say.

Now *Gillo* noble, free and brave,
 An hundred thousand welcomes gave,
 To every friend and neighbour, that
 Came there to eat, to drink and chat;
 And for strong *Usquebah* doth call.
 And gives his service to them all.
 The cup went round and round again
 A noble cup, that could contain
 A pint, which every man did drain,
 With as much ease as any here
 Could drink new-milk or table-beer.

Mean while the harp conjoin'd with voice,
 Through all the house made charming noise,
 Of such effect, that it did make
 Most of the guests their heels to shake:
 Nay, trump itself, there seldom fails
 To make old women bob their tails.
 To dancing they are so inclin'd,
 That even the very lame and blind,
 If trump or bagpipe the do hear,
 In dancing posture do appear,
 As strange their steps, their shape and main,
 As e'er in beggars bush was seen;
Baldoyle, or yellow stockings, play'd,
 Gives nimble feet to every maid,
 And younkers, who such pains do take,
 In frisking, that they often leak,
 And render savour from behind,

Let

Let out from puffs of stifled wind;
 And after all it's there confess'd,
 The longest dancer dances best.
Gillo to dance was often pray'd,
 Courted and pull'd by every maid:
 But he by holy vestment swore,
 And's beard, he'd never dance before
Ignatius, or his father *James*
 Came sailing up the rolling *Thames*,
 In pomp and grandeur to obtain
 His antient crown, and right again;
 With that he thump'd his angry breast,
 And said, my soul shall ne'er take rest;
 Nor shall my beard divorced be
 From chin, till I that day do see.
 At this he swore by *Patrick's* tooth,
 And by black bell, which finds out truth,
 And by the bones of one *St. Ruth*,
 Whose sword and hands were often wet
 With reeking blood of *Hugonet*,
 And who to *James* was firm and good,
 Whilst head upon his shoulders stood!
 Whose bones expos'd to ev'ry eye
 In *Augbrim's* plains now blanching lie.



C A N T O IV.

TH E guests perceiving *Gillo's* mind
 Not, like to theirs, to mirth inclin'd;
 And finding that his pensive breast,
 With grief and care was much oppress'd!
 (For he by intervals wou'd groan,
 And sigh and sob, and cry O hone)

Struck up with all their harps and trumps,
 To drive away his doleful dumps :
 Which in great measure might destroy
 Their dancing, musick, and their joy ;
 And us'd all means they could invent,
 T'incline him to some merriment ;
 And all those passions to assuage,
 Which in his troubled soul did rage,
 And play'd the cruel tyrant there,
 As sorrow, discontent, and fear,
 And hope succeeded by despair.
 Romantic tales they to him told,
 Of giants in the days of old,
 Whose legs by much were longer, than
 The height even of the tallest man.
 Whose monstrous teeth, with which they tore,
 Were long as tusks of any boar.
 How one of them did break the skull,
 With's fist, of a robustious bull :
 And on his shoulders bore the beast,
 Twice fourteen furlongs at the least,
 Unto his Cave ; and as some say,
 Did eat him every bit that day.
 The next strange story, which his ears
 Receiv'd, was of some wolves and bears,
 Who once were men of worth and fame,
 But, by inchantment, brutes became ;
 And wou'd (if tales sing truth) obtain
 Their former human shape again.
 That then through all the *Western* ground,
 The crooked harp with joy shall sound ;
 And that a monarch of their own
 Should sit upon the *Western* throne,

And

And drive from thence, by force all those
 That would his powerful arms oppose.
 Then he was told how by a fart,
 Discharged from bum of *Ow'n Mc. Art*,
 Asham'd he from the country fled,
 (His wife and friend where he was bred)
 And there ne'er since has shew'd his head.
 Nor can by strictest search be found
 Either above or under ground.
 Yet all these tales, sports, methods fail'd,
 But only this, which soon prevail'd.
 To you, quoth one, dear sir, I bring
 The health of *James*, once *Albion's* king;
 'Tis *Aqua Vita*, mixt with beer:
 Which will your drooping spirits cheer:
 Take courage, man, and cast care away,
 Our holy spirits and prophets say,
 It will be ours another day.
 Tho' now the sun his head doth throud
 Behind a gloomy weeping cloud,
 Yet he'll break forth with glorious light
 At length and put those clouds to flight.
 Said *Gillo*, let me ne'er have wealth
 Nor strength, if I refuse this health.
 With that to's lips he put the cup,
 And briskly turn'd the bottom up:
 Then strictly charg'd, that every man
 Should drink the health which he began.
 Next health was drunk to prince of *Wales*,
 Whose birth occasion'd many tales.
 Then *Berwick's* duke was not forgot,
 To whom each man drank off his pot,
 To *France's Hector*, and the Pope;

In whom stood now their only hope;
 With one consent, and joyful wish,
 They all drank off the hearty dish;
 And *Sbuan's* health they did not miss.
 Then *Gillo's* health, who made the feast,
 Was swallow'd down three times at least:
 Him all the guests did thank and praise,
 And wish'd him health and *Nestor's* days.
 To *Gillo's* friends, and many more
 To whom they any kindness bore,
 They many a wooden cups did drain,
 To the disturbance of their brain.
 Which made their hearts with joy abound,
 And all the house with noise resound.
 While all these welcome draughts went round,
 The trumps and brazen wires did found,
 Now *Gillo's* heart was grown so glad,
 That he forgot that he was sad;
 And bid his guests be of good cheer,
 And never spare his dram and beer,
 For he was generous and free,
 And given to hospitality,
 As all within that island be.
 And in his cups he was as stout
 And brave as any thereabout;
 He neither man, nor beast did dread,
 Nor any thing that wore a head.
 He oft engag'd with furious hogs,
 With wolves, and cats, and mastiff dogs.
 At every fair, both far and near,
 To drink and fight he did appear.
 He never from a barrel went,
 Until he saw the sediment;

And

And was so noble, brave and great,
 That he most commonly would treat
 Scorning hugely it should be said,
 That any but his worship paid
 The reck'ning, though he sold a cow,
 Or for it did a horse allow;
 For which the poets of those times
 Extoll'd him with their fulsome rhimes,
 And did immortalize his name,
 In every place where e'er they came.
 And at these fairs he ne'er was seen
 Without a cudgel and a skeen;
 A cudgel of hard thorn or oak,
 With which he many craniums broke.
 With skeen he'd stab and charge a rout,
 And often let their blood come out.
 The guards and friends that did attend
 His corps, with forty might contend,
 Which made him bold, yet he'd the fate
 Still to come home with broken pate.
 At swobbers he did often play,
 And dear five cards both night and day,
 And when his money all was gone,
 Would pawn the cloaths his back upon;
 And in his bed wou'd then remain
 Until he was new rigg'd again.

He was a disputant, as great
 As ever held with man debate.
 He swore all scholars were mere fools,
 And dunces without grammer rules;
 All which he could repeat as well,
 As you the days of week can tell.
 He questions put in th' accidence,

Wou'd

Wou'd puzzle men of better sense.
 If you cou'd not resolve him what,
 Was *Latin* for a civit cat,
 A ladle, or a frying pan,
 A spiggot, bung-hole or a fan,
 He judg'd you no ingenious man:
 Your ignorance he'd ridicule,
 And say you lost your time at school.
 In all the island none was found,
 In tropes of rhetoric so profound;
 He seldom any sentence spoke,
 Without a figure or a trope;
 And tho' he master was of schemes,
 And tropes, he made most scurvy themes;
 The earth bred boar in *Neptune's* floods
 He'd paint, and Dolphin in the woods.
 When e'er he verses would compose,
 Above all postures this he chose;
 On's back he did extended lye,
 Gazing upon the vaulted skie:
 On's belly lay a pondrous stone,
 Which made him pant, and puff, and groan,
 And often made him cry, O hone.
 He then unto *Lucina* prayed,
 Who was a midwife, as 'tis said,
 That she might give him so much strength,
 To bring some issue forth at length;
 The sisters of the forked hill
 He often begged t'assist his quill;
 And he their servant would remain,
 If they would fertilize his brain.
Pallas, who from her father's head,
 Her being had, he worshipped,
 And many fine things to her said.

If cat or dog or monkey dy'd,
 His wit on them he exercis'd;
 And all the rhimes he on them writ,
 Though paltry stuff, he swore was wit,
 And in all places where he came
 With grace would still repeat the same,
 In logick he was so acute,
 No man on earth could him confute;
 He was so insolent and proud,
 And spoke so fast, and bawled so loud,
 That he with ease what any said
 Supprest, and knockt his reasons dead.
 The *Stagyrite* he followed close,
 And wrote of him in verse and prose;
 Whate'r he said, he did defend,
 And for his tenets would contend.
 With all the sophists of the age,
 If any durst with him engage,
 And with loud bawling struck them mute,
 Whene'er he did with them dispute:
 And when his arguments were gone
 And spent, he this rely'd upon;
Ipse dixit: 'Tis true, therefore
 I've gained the point, I'll hear no more,
 Of universals he would prate,
 Of subjects and of predicate;
 Of beings which we only find
 To have existence in the mind.
 He paradoxes many held,
 Wherein he would not be refell'd;
 To shew his skill he'd undertake
 To prove a goose to be a drake;
 An eel to be a water-snake:

And often smartly argued, that
 An owl was but a flying cat;
 And that an horse of colour white,
 Was black as pitch, or darkeſt night.
 All ſchools of note he did frequent,
 Only for ſake of argument;
 And there did ſyllogiſe as faſt
 As words out of his mouth did caſt,
 And as I told you, he was free,
 And full of hoſpitality;
 But he was never freer than
 When he had hold of pot or can;
 He then would promiſe cows or ſheep,
 But never did his promiſe keep;
 He promiſ'd corn, and flax and meal,
 But in his promiſe ſtill did fail:
 Whene'r the donees came to get
 The many gifts they did expect,
 He fairly put them off with that
 Old ſtory of the mouſe and cat.

A rambling mouſe, as fables tell
 By chance into a guile-tub fell;
 And being ready now to ſink,
 And periſh in the frothy drink,
 A watchful cat came walking by,
 And mouſe, poor mouſe, in drink did ſpy;
 Who ſtooping down, with grasping claw,
 The mouſe out of the tub did draw;
 And purring o'er the half-drowned prey,
 Reſolved the ſame in hate to ſlay;
 But captive mouſe, a mouſe of ſenſe,
 Stratagem, breeding, eloquence,
 On bended knees, in humble wiſe,

With

Resolved the same in hate to lay;
 But captive mouse, a mouse of sense,
 Stratagem, breeding, eloquence,
 On bended knees, in humble wise,
 With sighs, and groans, and weeping eyes,
 T' insulting cat thus faintly cries;
 Renowned cat, whose grave aspect
 And whiskers do deserve respect,
 My life I beg, pray don't defile
 Your mouth with me not worth your while:
 For I am lean, and unfit meat
 For you (most noble cat) to eat:
 Dismiss me now, I promise that
 As soon as I grow plump and fat,
 I'll either come where you do dwell,
 Or, if you please, call at my cell;
 And I with my young brood of mice
 Will come and die your sacrifice;
 Then you may eat me with delight,
 And sport, and revel all the night;
 With all the young soft tender brood,
 For hungry cat, a grateful food.
 The cat being pleas'd with this harangue,
 The flattering words of mouse's tongue,
 Dismiss'd her straight, without least harm,
 Who reel'd away bedaub'd with harm,
 And though she tript, and often fell,
 Yet safely crept into her cell;
 And told her logging children what
 Had pass'd between her and the cat.
 The young ones hearing what she said,
 Shed tears, and hugely were afraid;
 Mother, quoth they, if you'll make good
 Your word, you're guilty of our blood.
 Peace fools, said she, and be not sad,

I never yet was half so mad;
 I'll disappoint the cat be sure,
 Therefore rejoice and rest secure.
 Within some days, credulous cat,
 Supposing now her mouse was fat,
 With hunger pinch'd came to the cave
 Of mouse, and did her *Premium* crave:
 To whom the mouse made answer thus;
 Be gone from hence; thou silly puss;
 The world might think me mad indeed,
 To let you on my body feed;
 Therefore be gone and never think
 I'll promise keep, 'twas made in drink.

C A N T O V.

NOW by this rime, the guests so fast
 Had drunk, that some began to cast
 Their drink, and goblets of crude meat,
 Which they like greedy hounds did eat;
 And having now their stomachs clear,
 Began a fresh to drink more beer;
 And dram, which they prefer to sack,
 To best Frontignan or Pontack;
 Some to depress th' ascending fume,
 Great pills of butter do consume,
 Some quite o'ercome no farther slept,
 But where they drank, they fell and slept,
 And others into corners crept.

The tough virago's never mist

One cup, and, where they sat, they piff
 At such a rate, that where they trod,
 They could not choofe but be wet-shod;
 For custom in that *Western* place,
 Makes this no scandal, nor disgrace.
 This tyrant makes some women ride
 On horseback, with their legs astide,
 And makes the *Hamburg* *Frees* to roar
 With thund'ring noise from postern door.
 Now every guest by power of drink,
 Himself both wise and rich doth think,
 The coward now new courage gains,
 By ev'ry madder that he drains,
 And talks of nothing but campaigns,
 Of dreadful war of blood and arms
 Of ambuscado's and alarms;
 Of deep entrenchments, batt'ring guns,
 Loud echoingtrumpets, rattling drums;
 Of lev'ling castles with the ground,
 Where treasures in great heaps were found
 Of blowing men into the air,
 And charging on the front and rear;
 Of stratagems, of spies and scouts,
 Of counterscarps and long redoubts;
 Of pallisado's; then takes up
 A wooden large four-corner'd cup,
 From which he draws a hearty sup;
 Which made his cheeks begin to swell,
 And made him many wonders tell.
 He swears the drink was good and sound,
 And makes a friendly health go round;
 Which done, his tongue does louder tattle
 Of's great exploits in *Angbrim* battles;
 And tells tho' not a word is true.

How many skulls he split in two;
 How with one stroke the head of horse,
 He from his body did divorce;
 And how the horse depriv'd of head,
 Like lightning with his rider fled;
 I'm sure said he, and then he swore,
 The horse ne'er ran so fast before;
 And brag'd what duels he had fought,
 And what great honour home had brought,
 And what brave men in martial field
 Unto his conqu'ring sword did yield;
 How by his valour he did fight,
 And put a hundred men to flight;
 And that he did no giant fear,
 Nor *Spanish* bull, nor *Northern* bear;
 When 'twas to men of credit known,
 He first of all ran from *Athlone*;
 For when he heard the roaring cannon,
 Saw men, like otters, cross the *Shannon*,
 His winged heels ne'er stop'd until
 He hid himself in *Aughrim* mill;
 From whence he never rais'd his head,
 Until that fight was finish'd;
 Where thousands on both sides lay slain,
 And by their deaths did honour gain.
 Yet this rank coward still proceeds,
 To bawl aloud his valiant deeds,
 Which he with loss of blood, perform'd,
 When such and such a place was storm'd;
 And having drain'd another bowl,
 Which did enlarge his lying soul,
 He this (perhaps true) story told;
 That on their beds, he murder'd six-
 Teen damn'd rebellious hereticks.

At

At which expression, then the crowd
For's father's soul pray'd all aloud.

Redmundo, man of courage bold,
From laughing loudly cou'd not hold,
When *Bruno* these vain stories told;
And said if valour does consist
In running from a battle first,
Like fearful hare, who running, shews
Her scat unto the hounds, her foes;
And squats for fear (in boggy ground,
Or rocks or woods) not to be found;
Then who'll deny! what man will doubt
But you are forward, brave, and stout?

Bruno began to swear and hiss,
To clinch his fist, to fret and puff,
And look'd as he resolv'd to cuff;
And call'd *Redmundo* base and rude,
For this his bold similitude;
And often swore by all that's good,
For this affront, he'd have his blood:
He'd cut the ears out of his head,
And slit his nose, for what he said;
And threaten'd oft to make him feel
The fury of his edged steel.

Redmundo said, he did not fear
To meet him when he pleas'd, and where;
And for his threats, and rusty sword,
He swore he cared not a t—d.
And thus proceeds t' affront him more,
For want of courage than before.
To *Fergus* rock when siege was laid,
No mortal wight was more afraid,
For when you heard the cannons roar,
The standers by you did implore
To cover all your body o'er

With more cow-hides, than e'er were on

Ajax the son of *Telamon*,

Bruno reply'd, *Redmundo* was

A fool, a coxcomb and an ass;

For *Ajax* was a man of sense,

And us'd those skins for his defence;

For which he never yet was blamed,

But for his wit and valour fam'd:

And if I *Ajax* pattern made,

No man for this should me upbraid,

Whoever therefore says, that I

A coward am in's throat doth lie.

Redmundo said, it is confess

That *Ajax* bore upon his breast

Of seven bull-hides a mighty shield,

When e'er he fought in open field:

But under heaps of hides you lay,

Concealed, like coward cap-a-pe.

From hence a man, with ease may tell,

The cases are not parallel

'Twixt you and *Ajax*: he at *Troy*,

So many *Trojans* did destroy

By's valour, that his very name

A terror to his foes became:

But you, poor soul! at noise of gun,

As swift as lightning oft did run;

Nor in the field did ever stay

To see the end of any fray,

But like yourself ran still away.

And for your lie I this return:

With that the bottom of a churn,

Which did supply a trencher's place,

He flung, which hit the bully's face,

And made him roar, as when a bull

Is knock'd by butcher on the skull.
 I'm kill'd, quoth he, I'm dead, I'm dead,
 The blood comes streaming from my head;
 A priest, a priest, my sins must I
 To him confess before I die.
 As thus he spoke, his pond'rous hum'rous
 With force unto the earth did come;
 But by degrees he gather'd strength,
 And came unto himself at length:
 And where he lay, by chance he found
 A wooden piss-pot on the ground;
 Which by the ear, he grasped fast,
 And starting up, at's foe did cast,
 With as good will as *Turnus* flung
 A mighty stone at *Venus* son.
 The pot let-loose, with urine flies,
 And hits *Redmundo* 'twixt the eyes;
 Whereby his front was slightly bruise'd,
 But by liquor it transfus'd,
 His eyes most strangely were abus'd.
 He rub'd and winkt, and rub'd again,
 But still his eyes such pricking pain
 Endured, that he cou'd not view
 The person which the piss-pot threw.
 And now, sad chance! was fit enough
 To stalk or play at blindman's buff.
Gillo like man of *Garbam* wife,
 With dram was pleas'd to wash his eyes;
 And said, he heard a midwife tell
 One heat, another does expel:
 Which made him fret, and swear, and curse,
 Because his eyes were ten times worse;
 And made him stalk and grope about.

Like

Like *Polypheme* when's eye was out.
Bruno was glad to see his foe,
 By dram and urine laid so low ;
 And strutted like a cock of Game,
 When he his conquest doth proclaim,
 By clapping of his flatt'ring wings,
 And by the triumph which he sings :
 He laugh'd until his bowels shook
 To see the pains the other took,
 To clear his eyes from smart and pain,
 Which whilst they sadly did sustain.
 He would have lent him many blows,
 But that the guests did interpose ;
 And from a long sharp pointed knife ;
 They kindly sav'd the blind-man's life ;
 Whose eyes being wash'd with sweet warm whey
 Their pungent heat did soon decay.

C A N T O VI.

NOW, by this time, the travelling sun
 His long diurnal race had run ;
 His fiery steeds in western pool
 Had plunged, their sweaty limbs to cool,
 The sable night came on apace,
 And spread with darkness every place ;
 Therefore long plaited candles came,
 Which lighted made a mighty flame :
 On stately poles of cloven wood
 Dispers'd about, each candle stood ;

That

That chas'd the darkness clean away,
 And made the night as clear as day.
 Then *Gillo* said, 'tis best, I think,
 To be made friends, shake hands and drink:
 Of liquor I have plenty still,
 Which you may drink when e'er you will,
Redmundo said, by this good light
 I am resolv'd again to fight;
 Nor will I sit nor drink nor eat,
 Until I do that coward beat;
 And force him once again to run,
 As he before hath often done.
 In vain, good sir, you me dissuade,
 Resistless in the vow I've made,
 Which vow before I do recant,
 The pope shall turn a protestant;
William the king of *England*, shall
 Of *Rome* be made a cardinal;
 And lawyers (which is stranger news)
 Their fees when offer'd shall refuse.
 With that he cross his front and eyes,
 And on his foe like lightning flies.
 To it they fall like cocks of game,
 Or like the knights of antient fame.
Redmundo fought with hands and feet,
 The other bit till's teeth did meet;
 And with his long and o'er grown nails,
 Those ready arms which never fail,
 He scratcht and squeakt like struggling rat
 When taken by a lurking cat;
 For at that trade, and pulling hair,
 No mortal cou'd with him compare;
 Except the wife of *Priam*, which
 Became at length a furious bitch;
 And

And kickt, and bit, and flung about,
 And *Polymnestor's* eyes pull'd out,
 As poets tell, when she beheld
 Her husband, and her children felled;
 And saw the ruin of the town.
 Where she first wore her wedding gown,
 And liv'd in plenty and renown.
 The gaping crowd who still delight
 To be spectators of a fight,
 And who from meat and drink forbear,
 To see a scuffle at a fair;
 Or see two rival dogs engage
 About a bitch in mighty rage;
 Prest in a pace, to feed their eyes,
 And see the issue of their prize.
 But *Gillo* master of the treat
 And revels, made them all retreat,
 And leave those champions room enough
 To wrestle, scratch, to kick and cuff.
 Sometimes in close embrace they hug,
 With art they trip, with strength they tug;
 And then the hardness of their skulls
 They try, like rams or pushing bulls,
 Which could not but procure delight,
 Were he but there to *Heraclete*.
 Both sweat and pant, both puff and blow,
 From parts above, and parts below;
 And from their noddles blood did flow.
 And now they both together fall
 To ground, and in strange postures crawl;
 Then up they start in mighty rage,
 And like fierce mastiffs do engage.
 The ring where they the fight maintain'd,
 With purple gore was all distain'd

And

And slippery made, so that they fell
 Oft-times, and tumbled mighty well.
 Fortune that blind that fickle maid,
 Which does the bold and forward aid,
 Whom all do fear, or do adore
 From rising sun, or western shore;
 Whirled about her nimble wheel
 Whilst they within the ring did reel,
 And fought so long with mighty rage,
 That nought their anger could assuage:
 Until the goddess chang'd her mind,
 And to *Redmundo* was inclin'd,
 To whom she now proved mighty kind:
 Who hugely vex'd so long to be
 Without a glorious victory;
 Together added all his strength,
 And tamed the bully at the length:
 For at the last most bloody bout
 He knock'd two of his grinders out;
 And by hard kicks as they relate,
 Made wind burst out from postern gate,
 Which is a thing more shameful there,
 Than if they stole a horse or mare;
 And more undecent and unseemly,
 Than if your breeches you bel—t:
 And if your bed you did bep—s,
 It would be lesser shame than this.
 Now *Bruno* runs and shews swift heels,
 But (like a true cock) never wheels;
 The other close pursues his back,
 Which he with mighty strokes doth thrack,
 And kick'd him till he made him groan,
 And at each kick, to cry, O hone.
 Being thus deprived of wind and teeth,

He

He call's to's friends for quick relief,
 Who, stepping in, did interpose,
 And lent *Redmundo* many blows:
 Which when his friends beheld, each man
 In haste to his assistance ran;
 And now both parties, in a rage,
 And mighty fury do engage:
 With oaken plant exalted high,
 At one another they let fly,
 And thrash until their bones do rattle,
 Ne'er yet was fought a fiercer battle:
 Compar'd to this, like counter-suffle
 Was but an easy harmless buffle;
 For there they fought but with their food,
 And did not loose one drop of blood.
 By lash of eel some little pain,
 Perhaps the prisoners might sustain,
 By quaking custards, or hot pye,
 Which oft about their ears did flie.
 But beggars bullets here were us'd,
 Which where they hit, before they bruise'd;
 Some boldly charg'd with wooden spits,
 And with them gave unlucky hits;
 For though they pierce no arms or thighs,
 Yet fairly thrust out many eyes,
 The madders here were thrown as fast
 About mens ears as hands cou'd cast;
 And with the joints of half torn meat
 They one another rudely treat;
 Platters and pisspots, every thing
 That cou'd be mov'd, about they fling;
 And seeing fury arms supply,
 About the house long fire-brands fly.

Gillo

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Gills perceiving every man
 In arms, unto a poslid ran,
 Which in his left hand he did wield
 Instead of a defensive shield;
 A churn-staff in his other hand,
 With art and strength he did command,
 Being thus equipt, he thrust among
 The giddy and unruly throng,
 And knock'd about, without least fear,
 He car'd not whom; he car'd not where;
 For fury would not let him know
 His friends, or neighbours from his foe.
 Villains quoth he, and look'd most surly,
 How dare you make this hurly burly
 Within my house, my kingdom, where
 I, like a monarch, rule should bear;
 By this uproar you do conspire
 Perhaps to set my house on fire;
 See how about the sparks do fly,
 Like falling stars from vaulted sky,
 To these his words they gave no heed,
 But still to fight and bawl proceed,
 And sling about what e'er they found
 Inside of wall or on the ground.
 Gills displeas'd, began to fret,
 And struck at every man he met:
 His churn-staff he employ'd so well,
 That many by it wounded fell:
 But had not pot-lid been his friend,
 With which he did himself defend,
 He could not well avoid the fate
 Of some impressions on his pate,
 And having sore and well thrash'd bones,
 By strokes of cudgels and of stones.

D

Who

Who flush'd with fortune and good luck,
 About him like *Don Quixote* struck;
 Until at length on head he broke
 His churn-staff with a mighty stroke;
 Which done a blazing candle came,
 And set his forked beard on flame;
 And burnt his nose, his lips and eyes,
 Which made him fill the house with cries
 And loud complaints; he curs'd and swore,
 And foam'd at mouth like hunted boar.
 My beard, said he, my beard is burn'd,
 And into dust and atoms turn'd;
 Thrice-cursed be the hand that threw
 The candle, O my beard, at you;
 I'd rather loose my book, I swear,
 My fat brown cow, or long tail'd mare;
 But though this loss to me is pain,
 My beard, in-time, will grow again;
 O had I known who burnt me thus,
 I on him would enraged rush,
 And after many drubbings made,
 I'd tear his arm from shoulder blade.
 The noise at length so wrought upon
 Th' acaustick nerves of *Preflar John*,
 That up he starts from female lap,
 Where he profoundly took a nap,
 And gravely did to preach begin,
 And tell the people of their sin,
 Of drunk'ness, anger, envy, pride,
 Quarrels, and many things beside.
 But he as well might preach to stones,
 Or to a heap of dead mens bones.
 As by his preachment there to think
 T' allay a devil rais'd by drink;
 By whose impulse the rabble rout

At th' holy man began to flout ;
 And not content with this, they flung
 On him a vizard of cow-dung,
 With which his face was so deform'd,
 That thus he in a passion storm'd ;
 With candlestick, with book, and bell,
 I curse you all, quoth he to hell ;
 For this offence, besure, I'll make
 The stoutest of your hearts to ake ;
 The *disciplina* you shall get,
 I'll lash you, till your blood do sweat ;
 About the rick, your knees on stones
 Shall walk, till they do bruise your bones,
 I'll ne'er forget what they have done,
 Through all this penance you must run ;
 Fight on, and bawl, and curse, and swear,
 And sink or swim, I do not care ;
 Another game I will pursue,
 And so you drunken beasts adieu :
 He said ; and from them went in haste,
 Where barrel of strong beer was plac'd ;
 With which when he had wash'd away
 The dirt which on his visage lay,
 And oft had swallow'd down enough,
 And purge his head with *Spanish* snuff,
 He call'd unto his mistress *Sis* ;
 Whom he did often hug and kiss,
 And brought him with her to his bed,
 To sport awhile, and grope his head.

C A N T O VII.

N O R were the women idle here,
 As by their actions will appear;
 For they when present at a fray,
 Like *Amazons* their parts do play;
 And to that end they seldom pare
 Their nails, that they may wound and tear:
 Gormly provok'd by *Sheela Roe*,
 At her a huge snuff-box did throw,
 And proudly strutting said, her fire
 Was near a-kin to great *Mc Guire*,
 Who once enjoy'd a great estate
 And liv'd at a prodigious rate,
 Tho' now reduc'd by cruel fate,
 And that she was by mother's side,
 To *Cormuch More Mc Graph* ally'd;
 Who in his house three harps did keep,
 And kill'd each week a brace of sheep;
 And every month at least a cow,
 Which he to's house did still allow,
 Moreover said, she and her spouse,
 Had harp and tables in their house;
 In spacious fields had cows and sheep,
 And did great many servants keep.
 I wonder therefore, how you dare,
 You bold face trull, with me compare;
 You beggar's brat, notorious thief,
 To whom in jail I've sent relief,
 And many times your naked britch

Have

Have cloath'd, you, damn'd confounded bitch.

To whom thus *Sheela* did reply,

Emitting fury from her eye :

You have some worthy friends, 'tis true,

But they are all ashamed of you ;

You cross, malicious, jilting whore,

Shall I, without return, endure

Those words your malice made me vent ;

No, no, I'll be in pieces rent.

Sooner than I, abus'd, forbear

T'acquaint the world with what you are.

Why, what am I, the other said,

You flattern, I am not afraid

Of your sad threats, nor am ashamed,

If all my actions were proclaim'd ?

Before I wedded was, I had

In wanton years, by stealth, a lad ;

But afterwards at length was wed

To him that got my maiden-head ;

He was a man of gentle blood,

And *French* and *Latin* understood ;

At tables, cards and dice cou'd play ;

If this be all that you can say,

Or 'gainst my credit can object,

Your charge is of no great effect :

I've more to say, notorious bitch,

Common as barber's chair, or ditch.

Sheela enraged, soon reply'd,

Your honesty has oft been try'd,

At home, in camp, and in the field,

But still your passive bum did yield

To soldiers, troopers, and dragoons,

And in the stables to the grooms :

Your lewdness since a marry'd wife,

Shorten'd, I'm sure, your husband's life ;

He watch'd you oft, you lustful sow,
 As *Argus* once watch'd *Jove's* cow,
 But notwithstanding all his care,
 You to your haunts did still repair;
 And there, you wanton, craving brute,
 For hire yourself did prostitute.
 I was ('tis true) for debt in jail,
 But ne'er got living by my tail.
 I had some friends as great and good
 As any of your boasted blood,
 Who, when they heard I was confin'd,
 To me a real friend did find,
 They me releas'd and paid my debt,
 A kindness I will ne'er forget:
 My father was a gentleman,
 The best but two of all his clan,
 Who, for his king, and country's sake,
 His life, and all he had did stake:
 He was related to the best
 Of *Mac's* and *O's* in all the west;
 To great *O Rorck*, *Mc Dermot Roe*,
 And *Ow'n Mc Teigue* of *Ballin'sloe*,
 Who in his house had always meat,
 Even for an hundred men to eat;
 And of strong butter and such store,
 As might maintain as many more,
 My mother was near cousin to
Ferdoragh Ogue Mc Giffenew,
 Whose grandfire once had some few land,
 Tenants and servants at command;
 I've learn'd my book, and sampler too,
 That's more than can be said of you.
 On these accounts I therefore dare
 With you, you serry pate compare;
 And

And for the snuff-box you have thrown,
 Be pleas'd, said she to pick this bone,
 It was the jaw bone of a hog,
 Found lately drown'd by chance in bog;
 But being dress'd by *Gilla's* cook,
 As well as th'other meat did look.
 With this huge bone she made a stroke,
 And *Sheela's* noddle fairly broke!
Sheela enrag'd a globe of thread
 Let nimble fly at *Gormly's* head.
 Then both in haste tore spoaks from wheel,
 And thump'd about till they did reel.
 The other women, in a rage
 Took arms, and briskly did engage.
 Some join'd themselves to *Sheela's* side,
 And some with *Gormly* did abide:
 Bread, sticks, and tongs, nay every thing
 That cou'd be mov'd about they fling.
 In wheel there was not left a spoak,
 With which some craniums were not broke.
 They scratch'd, they tore, without regard,
 And neither hair nor faces spar'd.
 Among the men, they mixt at length,
 And there exert their art and strength.
 With loud hubbub, their country cries,
 They fill the house in dreadful wise,
 Who suffer'd most 'tis hard to tell,
 But many of both parties fell:
 Some under foot lay seeming dead,
 Their cloaths turn'd up as far as head,
 With cow-dung on their buttocks spread,
 The men upon the women lay,
 And women on the men, they say.
 In cattle's urine, dirt, and mud,
 Some

Some far above their ankles stood:
 Some had their faces plaster'd o'er
 With clotted milk, and reeking gore,
 Some had their hair pull'd up by root,
 And most had faces patch'd with soot.
 Those that had eyes were black and blue,
 And of their teeth some lost a few.
 Deep furrows were in ev'ry face,
 From whence the blood distill'd apace.
 Now during this most bloody fight,
Bruno you know, play'd least in fight;
 For being foil'd he ran away,
 And under heaps of fodder lay;
 In crib at farther end of house
 Where *Gillo* kept some of his cows.
 To this asylum having fled,
 With well kick'd bum and broken head,
 No tongue, nor pen can fully tell
 The thoughts that in his soul did dwell;
 For being chas'd, he was less vext,
 Than for his teeth which him perplex'd;
 For in that occidental place
 Their proverb says 'tis less disgrace
 To save yourself by nimble flight
 Than still to stand and faintly fight.
 Sometimes he thought if found by chance,
 To seem as in a swoon or trance;
 That so they might some pity take,
 And spare him for his weakness sake:
 But after many thoughts resolv'd
 He firmly was at length resolv'd
 If fate would please, to steal among
 The giddy and confused throng.
 And by a quick surprising blow,
 To be revenged on his foe;

By

By right or wrong to knock him down
 As flat as flounder to the ground.
 With that he peep'd from under straw,
 And within reach a dung-fork saw,
 Which gladly to him he doth draw;
 And said now fortune me assist
 Against my grand antagonist,
 Inspire me now with courage bold,
 That this long bident, which I hold
 May be so well employ'd, that I
 By it may make *Redmundo* fly
 And be a terror to all those
 Who take his part, and me oppose:
 Were he but here, I think, I durst
 At him make such another thrust;
 But worse than this which, gentle cow,
 In jest I practise on you now.
 The brute being hurt did *Bruno* goar:
 Which made him shout and loudly roar:
 Had he not turned his nose about,
 The cow had let his entrails out;
 But in his podex he was hurt,
 Whence drop'd some blood, and stinking dirt,
 And ever after did lament:
 A torment in his fundament.
 And tho' he roar'd and roar'd aloud,
 The conjunct *Stentors* of the croud
 With ease suppress'd, and wholly drown'd
 His single and more feeble sound:
 So that they did not hear at all,
 When *Bruno* wounded thus did bawl.
 This wound behind did fret him more
 Than that *Redmundo* gave before;
 Which made him rail on's cruel fate,
 And thus the cow did imprecate

Thou

Thou cursed cow, let some kind dog
 Chase you e'er long into a bog,
 A sinking bog where you may lie
 Long time in pain before you die,
 Oft may you wish but wish in vain,
 For some to rid you of your pain,
 Let *Gill* often search about,
 But never, never find you out,
 Until the croaking ravens pull
 The very eyes out of your skull,
 And till the dogs and wolves do feast
 Upon your bones, you cursed beast,
 Who, for small fault, your horn did dart
 Into my fundamental part.
 As thus he cursed and did grin,
 As if he on a close stool had been,
 Looking about, by chance he spy'd,
 Hanging on wall a cow's black hide;
 Which he from thence pull'd softly down,
 And round about his body bound.
 And that he might affright the more,
 His face with foot he rubbed o'er
 Deformed his hands and dung-fork too,
 So that they all were of a hue;
 A burning stick he held between
 His teeth, most dreadful to be seen;
 And now like some strange monster seem'd,
 Or like a devil might be deem'd
 Being thus disguis'd with smoaky foot
 And with horny strange furtout,
 A cow he backwards did bestride.
 But there a minute scarce did ride
 (Whirling his firebrand round about,
 To terrify the drunken rout,
 And sometimes grunting like a sow,

And

And sometimes roaring like a cow)
 Till he was seen; all were amaz'd,
 And at him as a monster gaz'd.
 One said, distracted with great fear,
 It was some strange cornuted bear;
 A minotaur, another swore,
 For like a bull he heard him roar;
 Observe his double form and face,
 And this opinion you'll embrace.
 Some others, said, they could not tell
 But it was devil come from hell;
 For these foul fiends do change their shapes,
 To monkeys, cows, dogs, bears, or apes;
 And as *Pædano* says, with ease,
 Can turn themselves to mice or fleas;
 The changes he in *Ovid* read,
 This opinion in him bred,
Syringo, who much wealth had got
 By urinal and chamber-pot,
 And was accounted wise and great,
 Said, he supposed it was a cheat.
Gillo being ask'd, declared that
 It really, was—he knew not what;
 But did advise, that father *John*
 Should, without stay, be call'd upon:
 Who being come, at first sight said,
 It was a de'el in masquerade;
 I see, said he, if eyes not fail,
 His cloven feet, and dangling tail;
 And let him be what fiend he will,
 I have such charms, such spells and skill,
 That I can exorcise, and chase
 His grim devilship from this place,
 'Twas I alone I'd have him know,
 That rais'd him from the shades below;

You

You know T curs'd you all by bell,
 By book and candle down to hell;
 The offence you gave did this require,
 But if I can he shall retire
 If you'll repent, and me will hire,
 They promis'd all kind hands to shake;
 And any penance undertake;
 And that they would their lives amend;
 If he would make the spirit descend;
 Moreover swore that he should have
 For his reward what he should crave.
 But cunning priest was fearful that
 He should be serv'd as mouse serv'd cat,
 And would not stir one foot he said,
 Unless he first was partly paid.
 Many therefore, through fear were kind,
 And money for his purse did find.
 The women who were lately stout,
 And who like *Penthesilea* fought;
 Freely engaged to contribute
 To buy him frize for a surcoat.
 And gentle cloath for inward suit,
 If by his magic he could chace
 The ugly devil from that place.
 They trembling said, it was a sight
 That did their fainting souls affright.

C A N T O VI.

THE priest, who wonders could perform,
 And bodies often did transform,

Boldly

Boldly begins his pranks to play
 That he the spirit might allay,
 And gravely stepping forward said,
 Stay all behind that are afraid :
 In one of's hands a conjuring book
 He held on which he oft did look ;
 With which he cross'd his face and breast,
 And many juggling words exprest,
 And augur-like in the other hand,
 He held a long white hazel-wand,
 With which he many circles drew,
 Eccentrick and concentrick too,
 Some crosses and triangles were
 Within the circles here and there :
 Water and salt he had beside,
 Wherein he mostly did confide ;
 For these, if sanctify'd, be sure,
 No witch nor devil can endure.
 Being furnish'd thus, with these brave charms,
 Which he accounted best of arms,
 He loudly said, what e'er thou art,
 From hence, I charge you, to depart :
 Descend, foul fiend, vanish, be gone
 To muddy *Styx* or *Acheron* ;
 There domineer, and there remain
 Until I send for thee again.
Bruno, the suppos'd devil said,
 I'll not descend till I be paid
 For the long journey I did take,
 On your account, from *Stygian* lake,
 These words with hollow, grunting voice,
 He roar'd and made a hellish noise ;
 Then from the cow, came slipping down,
 And with a terrifying frown
 He forward towards the circle stept,

E

Which

Which by the priest was watch'd and kept
 With diligence and mighty care,
 Yet not without some little fear;
 And therefore oft these words did say,
Apaga hinc, exorcizo te.
Bruno pretending to retreat,
 Made th' other think his charms were great,
 By whose vast power he durst not bring,
 Nor set his foot within the ring;
 But he return'd with force, and made
 As if the circle he'd invade;
 And with the dung-fork thrust so fast,
 That *Prefter John* retir'd at last;
 Who being concern'd it should be said
 He left his post or was afraid
 Took courage then, and did bespatter
Bruno's face with salted water;
 Which made him among the cows retire,
 And made the priest his art admire;
 Who now being sure, that he could chase
 The ugly devil from that place,
 From circle's brink did often bawl,
 And loudly on the demon call,
 And us'd his utmost skill and art
 To make him from the house depart;
 Be gone, said he, satan, avoid,
 By me thy drift shall be destroy'd;
 I thee command to disappear,
 Thou hast no right in any here
 They're mine, and I will them defend,
 In vain with me you do contend,
 Therefore to *Pluto's* court descend;
 And to the hellish crew complain
 How all your labour was in vain;
 How I in counter charms excell.

All men who on the earth do dwell
 How by the water, which I cast,
 I made you run away at last.
 Tho' *Bruno* heard he would not hear,
 Nor for the priest would disappear;
 Although he exorcis'd as fast
 As he about could water cast.
 Now when he thus did exorcise,
Bruno from crib the cows unties,
 And them through circles drives upon
 Poor water-flinging father *John*;
 Who labour'd hard, but all in vain,
 To make the brutes retire again;
 For as the saying is you know,
 Whom devil drives he needs must go,
 The priest reduced to this great strait,
 Deplor'd his own and people's state;
 Himself and them he often blest,
 And judging all the cows possest,
 To run away he thought it best.
Bruno, perceiv'ing he turn'd tail,
 And that his project wou'd prevail,
 Forc'd on the cows, and thrust among
 The frighted and retreating throng;
 Who, seeing what their guide had done,
 Away like him began to run;
 Not at all daring to resist
 Such a deform'd antagonist;
 Who, lately coward, now grew stout,
 And put to flight the rabble rout,
 And like a devil knock'd about.
 On heaps the frighted mortals lay,
 Not knowing what to do or say;
 Many o'er one another run,
 That they the dreadful sight might shun;

Many funk down even in the place,
 For fear, nor durst hold up their face.
Bruno enrag'd ran round about
 To find his friend *Redmundo* out,
 On whom when he had cast his eyes,
 Full of revenge he at him flies.
Redmundo lately victor runs,
 And *Bruno* as a *spectrum* shuns,
 Never suspecting him the man
 Who from *Alblone* to *Augbrim* ran.
 For fear, or that he was the same
 Whose courage he did lately tame :
 A sight more comic ne'er was seen
 Than what some time passed between
 These two : one in his heels did trust,
 The other with his dung fork thrust,
 And with it oft his foe did thwack,
 Across the shoulders and the back,
 So that his very bones did crack ;
 And tho' he was accounted stout,
 For fear, he never fac'd about ;
 But here and there he thrust among
 The gaping and confused throng :
 Because he thought (which was untrue)
 He with the devil had to do ;
 And thinking thus, he still did run
 Among the crowd, that he might shun
 Receiving of another blow
 From such a cruel devilish foe ;
 Which with long weapon lately made
 Impressions on his shoulder-blade,
 His ribs, and back, and cranium too,
 Which needs must be of livid hue ;
 And by hard strokes were made more sore
 Than e'er they were in war before.

Being

Being thus reduced, and chas'd like hare
 Before a greyhound, here and there ;
 Such was his great unusual fright,
 That it gave wings unto his flight,
 And made him run at such a rate,
 That *Bruno* cou'd not reach his pate,
 Nor touch his shoulders, bum or back,
 Which he still hugely long'd to thwack ;
 And on him freely to bestow,
 With all his strength, a parting blow ;
 And having thus mist of his prey,
 Because the crowd stopt up his way,
 Without remorse, without regard,
 He neither of their sexes spar'd ;
 But in a special manner those
 Who with *Redmundo*, 'gainst him rose
 He greeted with robustious blows.
 Th' affrighted mortals from him ran
 As from a devil, not a man ;
 In heaps they tumbled o'er and o'er,
 As waves come rolling towards the shore,
 And like the raging waves they roar ;
 And drive the yielding air with groans,
 With loud accents and sad O' hoes.
 To *Patrick* then their own dear saint,
 They joyntly made a loud complaint,
 And many prayers unto him sent
 To help them in this exigent :
 Many to *Columkill* did cry,
 Who in their isle did live and die ;
 And holy *Bridget*, all the she's
 Invok'd upon their bended knees.
 (For these, as in some books we find
 Restored sight unto the blind,
 And from the grave did many raise,

If all be true the legend says ;
 And did the aid of many more,
 In this great strait on beads implore,
 Which they repeated ten times o'er :
 For there (a most approved way)
 By decads they are wont to pray.
 But not a saint they did invoke,
 Defended them from one small stroke,
 Nor heard perhaps, tho' all the while,
 (Like the loud cataracts of Nile)
 They roar'd, and with shrill shrieks and cries
 They seem'd to reach the vaulted skies :
 And on their patrons often bawl'd,
 And loudly for assistance call'd.
 But *Bruno* heard, and was as glad
 As the dejected souls were sad ;
 Within himself he sweetly smil'd,
 To think how he had them beguiled ;
 And therefore for his good success,
 His happy stars did often bless ;
 Who being, but only one, did make
 So many men for fear to quake ;
 For art when strength and courage fails,
 (Experience teaches) oft prevails ;
 With full revenge not glutted yet,
 His mind was on more mischief set ;
 Which made him like a champion stout,
 To kick, and push, and knock about
 The non-resisting passive rout,
 On whom his wrath he exorcis'd,
 And like a coward tyranniz'd.
 Now surely this, or none at all,
 We may obedience passive call.
 And as he thus went threshing on,
 He tumbld over father *John* :

Who

Who nimbly rising ran away,
 Repeating *exorcizo te*.
Bruno got up, but did desist
 To prosecute the exorcist;
 And not a little was afraid,
 Lest he by falling was betray'd,
 Which might discover all his tricks,
 His stratagems and politicks:
 Therefore he wisely did conclude,
 Among the cattle to intrude;
 Which he by force, drove in among
 The half distracted frightened throng.
 The brutes inclos'd, strove to get out,
 And with their horns they tost about,
 And many of the crowd they pusht,
 And under foot they strangely crusht.
Gillo perceiving that his cows
 Did act like tyrants in his house;
 Like a distracted furious man,
 In haste unto a hatchet ran,
 Which heaving up, he made a stroke,
 And head of foremost cow he broke,
 The brute which heretofore was tame,
 Now mad as beated bull became;
 She ran, she tost, and roar'd aloud,
 Like thunder breaking from a cloud,
 To the amazement of the crowd.
 Happy was he that got away,
 And did not feel her horns that day:
 Some clamber'd upon side of wall,
 And tir'd with sticking down do fall;
 In haste behind rush bags of meal,
 Others their bodies do conceal;
 And some the furious beast to shun,
 Behind great chests for safety run.

Gillo observing in what wise
 The half-killed cow did tyrannize,
 Whom, from a calf his wife had bred,
 And with her hands had often fed ;
 His heavy ax advanc'd again ;
 With full intent the cow to brain ;
 And twice in clumsy fist did spit,
 That he with greater force might hit :
 But missing aim the hatchet flies
 From off the helve 'twixt *Bruno's* eyes.
 Yelling aloud, he fell to ground,
 And made the house with noise resound,
 And the poor devil did sustain
 By such a knock excessive pain,
 And often tumbled up and down,
 And sometimes lay as in a swoon :
 Yet of the crowd, possess'd with fear,
 Before him close none durst appear ;
 For all suspected his deceit,
 And therefore from him did retreat ;
 Being confounded and amaz'd,
 They only at a distance gaz'd,
 Nay, some there was (such was their fright)
 That could not well endure the sight
 Of such a dreadful ugly spright
 But clos'd or turn'd their eyes away,
 Whilst he in his great torture lay,
 Who now perceiving how they fled
 From him alone when almost dead,
 Got by degrees so much of strength,
 As rais'd him on his feet at length ;
 And then afresh began to roar,
 Far more dreadful than before ;
 Which put such terror in the croud,
 That they like him, roared all aloud ;

And

And many out of doors did run,
 As at beginning some had done,
 That they the devil's strokes might shun,
 But by the darkness of the night,
 Mixt with some small glimmering light,
 Each bush they saw did them affright;
 Which made some run in haste again
 Back to the house from whence they came,
 But durst not enter in for fear,
 Their great tormentor being there;
 And therefore 'bout the house they lay,
 And ditches, till the peep of day:
 And as *Aurora* left the bed
 Of old *Tiibmus*, home they fled:
 And told the plenty of the meat,
 With which brave *Gillo* did them treat:
 What *Ufquebagh* and beer they had
 Let down their throats, till they grew mad:
 What bloody battles then arose;
 What kicks, what thumps, what heavy blows;
 And that a *cacodæmon* came,
 Who did their drunken fury tame;
 Whom all the words the priest did say,
 Tho' mighty charms, could not allay:
 The more the exorcist did charm,
 The less he did the devil harm.
 Now tattling fame that takes delight
 To listen at men's doors at night,
 And with her many eyes and ears,
 What's done within both sees and hears;
 Like flying post, runs up and down,
 From coast to coast, from town to town;
 And as about she gladly goes,
 Like rolling snow-ball greater grows,
 And ten times more, where e'er she came,

Than

Than she was told, she doth proclaim:
 For she an arrant lie as well
 As truth at any time can tell:
 Her dismal news spread far and near,
 Made some to laugh, made others fear;
 And many to the house did run,
 Where all these comie pranks were done,
 That they the certain truth might know,
 If tattling fame were true or no;
 Where when they came, there did appear
 In ev'ry face a mighty fear:
 Although the ugly fiend was gone,
 As they were told by father John
 And that like owls, all spirits shun
 The light which ushers in the sun.
 When *Gillo* to his comfort saw
 The dreadful monster did withdraw,
 And that the fields and coasts were clear,
 Like champion bold he did appear;
 And swore the guests that he did treat
 Were cowards and not worth their meat:
 That for his part, by lucky chance,
 He almost struck into a trance
 The ugly monster, and did make
 Him roar and tumble, spurn and quake;
 And if he would return again,
 He would alone with him maintain
 A battle, and would sooner die,
 Than from him like a coward fly.
 As thus he brag'd, he grop'd about
 His head, and swore his brains were out:
 And roar'd aloud, O cruel fate;
 O silly *Gillo*! brainless pate,
 And must these strong supporting bones
 Be prest with earth, and heavy stones;

And

And shall my graceful beard now have
 Its lodging in a stinking grave:
 But yet because I feel small pain,
 I may perhaps, without a brain,
 For some few months, alive remain.
 Now fearful *Gillo*, all this while,
 The strength of fancy did beguile;
 For having under hen-roof fled,
 The poultry muted on his head,
 At length perceiving that his brain
 Within the shell did still remain,
 Like wanton kid did skip about,
 Because his brains were not quite out.
 A council now together came,
 Of priests, and other men of fame;
 Who after some hours serious chat,
 They jointly all concluded that
Gillo's house was made unfit
 For christian men to dwell in it;
 Because polluted and possess'd,
 And therefore must by them be blest;
 And must be scourg'd and soundly lash'd
 And with lustration water wash'd.
 The *Auger* stable being clean,
 And purg'd with toil, great care and pains,
Gillo into the fabrick went,
 Where he a month had scarcely spent,
 When *Bruno's* beast, by power of beer,
 Like glass transparent did appear;
 Which made him vent the story how
 'Twas he rode backward on the cow,
 That did the priest and people chace,
 To his renown and their disgrace.
 Some *Bruno's* part did then defend,
 And for his wit did him commend.

Others

Others there were whose smart and pain,
 By *Bruno's* strokes, did yet remain;
 Who swore the rascal shou'd repent
 For the sad strokes to them he lent;
 And that he was as great a rogue,
 As ever put his foot in brogue;
 Which *Bruno* hearing, full of dread,
 From house and country would have fled;
 But that his friends did him assure,
 From anger they would him secure.
 Which they perform'd, at length all jars,
 Debates, and feuds, and civil wars,
 'Twixt *Bruno* and his angry foes,
 Who at the first fell by his blows;
 Was turn'd to mirth and laughter loud,
 And made the sport of every crowd,
 And served the school-boys as a theme
 To versify, and to declaim.



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